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THREE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS



By

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The Executive Committee of the Association for International Conciliation wish to arouse the interest of the American people in the progress of the movement for promoting international peace and relations of comity and good fellowship between nations. To this end they print and circulate documents giving information as to the progress of these movements, in order that individual citizens, the newspaper press, and organizations of various kinds may have readily available accurate information on these subjects. A list of publications will be found on page 21.

THREE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON

CHIRSTENDOM is bristling with guns. There were never so many as to-day. There will be still more to-morrow, for the orders are already in. Day after to-morrow their number will be yet further increased, if present plans do not miscarry. The need for them is urgent.

To the man in the street this is perplexing. Repeated assurances have been given him that the cause of Peace is advancing. He has heard the good news in speeches, and read it in papers. Books written by well-informed authors have filled his ears with peals of triumph over the progress of the cause of international good-will. The evidences of progress are many. Peace organizations multiply amazingly. Arbitration treaties spring up like mushrooms on both sides of the sea. The exchange of friendly visits between representative citizens of various countries goes merrily on. The exchange of University professors has become an established feature of the educational system of the world. Never have rulers and statesmen made so many loving speeches as within the last dozen years. The nations have met in two Hague Conferences, and a third Conference is contemplated. A palace of International Justice has been erected and dedicated. Munificent foundations have been established to make the world's calling and election to Peace doubly sure. Groups of enthusiastic workers toil in season and out of season to tighten the bonds of international friendship. Nothing has so flourished within the present generation as the Cause of Peace—except the manufacture of guns. To the man in the street the millennium seems

almost at hand ; but when he turns to look for it he finds himself staring into the muzzle of a gun. Peace and guns have formed an alliance. They flourish side by side around the world. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and for the first time in history the lion is inside of the lamb. The lion is now covered with wool, and the name of this beast is "Armed Peace." Centuries ago the Scythians stuck up an old scimitar as a symbol of deity, and to this they offered the main wealth of their country. The world has advanced. The Christian Nations have set in their midst a battleship as the symbol of national glory, and around this they sing hymns of praise to the Prince of Peace. The first article in their creed is, "We believe in peace, and therefore we prepare for war." It is generally conceded that the surest evidence of sane and fervent devotion to the cause of Love is unwavering confidence in the beneficent potency of guns. When nations, therefore, sign arbitration treaties they proceed forthwith to lay in a new stock of ammunition. When a ruler delivers a speech which has in it the note of a dove, his neighbors hasten to make a new inventory of their military wardrobe. One almost dreads to see a new arbitration treaty signed, or to have the Hague Conference meet again, for hitherto every such treaty has been followed by the launching of additional battleships, and each of the Hague Conferences has sent the nations home, eager to increase the weight of their armor, and to whet their swords to a finer edge.

ARMED PEACE IS OUR PROBLEM

The problem to-day, then, is not war but Armed Peace. He who stops to declaim against war is belated. War is conceded to be hell, and by common consent is taboo. But in consecrating itself to Armed Peace, many are beginning to wonder whether mankind has not jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. At any rate the wealth

of Christendom is being consumed. A volume setting forth the cost of armies and navies reminds one of a book on astronomy. The only figures used are millions and billions. All figures, after they pass a certain limit, cease to make a definable impression on the mind. The imagination is first dazed, and then paralyzed. When one scrutinizes for an hour the tables compiled by the statisticians showing the cost of Armed Peace, the mind is stupefied and the heart benumbed. The gold is flowing in a widening stream and to squander a people's money is to squander their blood. Governments are to-day not only impoverishing the living, but hanging millstones of debt around the necks of generations yet unborn. Guns are bought with borrowed money. The house is being mortgaged that the foolery may go on. All schemes of internal improvement are curtailed and embarrassed, and every program of social betterment is handicapped or postponed. Militarism blights like a pestilential wind the higher life of nations, and eats like a gangrene into the vitals of civilization. The very sinew and bloom of humanity are going into this expanding establishment of gold braid and steel, and the end is not yet. One thing is certain, the world cannot go on indefinitely in the direction in which it is now moving. Something is going to break. "I tremble when I remember that God is just," exclaimed an American statesman when he looked out across the tragedy of slavery, and well may any man who believes that nations, as well as individuals, are in the grip of inexorable moral law, tremble when he beholds the satanic heartlessness with which the peoples of Christendom are being plundered and oppressed by the ever accumulative expenditures for the enginery of slaughter.

THE POWER OF THE MILITARIST

One is dumbfounded by the impotency of every force which has thus far been called into play for the checking

of this militaristic movement. Every sane-minded man confesses that the present policy of the great Powers is folly, wickedness, madness. Before the bar of reason, Militarism stands assuredly condemned. The economic argument against it is unanswerable, the ethical argument is irrefutable, the religious argument is conclusive to any one who knows what the religion of Jesus Christ is, and yet not all these arguments massed together have been able to check the militarists, even for a moment within the last thirty years, in their devastating and magnificent advance. "Neither fact, nor argument, nor counsel, nor philosophy, nor religion" has availed to stay the spreading plague. The optimists who supposed that guns would cease to multiply after the signing of a few arbitration treaties, and after a few Hague Conventions had been agreed to, did not know the temper or resources of the hosts with whom they have to deal. It has been commonly assumed that huge armaments are the inevitable outgrowth of present-day commercial and political conditions, the creation of a lofty patriotism, disinterested and holy. It now begins to look as though they might be rooted in other soil. The suspicion is abroad that they may possibly be the elaborate handiwork of selfishness and cunning. If they are, perchance, a modern manifestation of the ancient mystery of iniquity, then they are not likely to vanish simply because, by the perfecting of international legal machinery, the need for them has disappeared. Profitable humbuggeries do not collapse in the presence of sound reason. Vested interests do not voluntarily surrender. Inherited privileges and favors are not in the habit of signing their own death warrant. No demon has ever yet been exorcised from mankind without tearing it. The downfall of human slavery is sufficiently recent to furnish lessons which it may be profitable to ponder. When our Republic was founded, slavery was in a state of decadence. It was so out of harmony with the ideals of Democracy and the

spirit of Christianity, that many imagined it would gradually disappear. There were evidences that the years of its life were numbered. Near the end of the century a change took place. The cotton-gin was invented. Other inventions followed. Slavery became profitable. Cotton was crowned king. Slavery and cotton formed an alliance. This alliance became aggressive. It was not content that slavery should be confined within its ancient limits. It coveted new kingdoms. It pushed its way into territory consecrated to freedom. It seized upon the political machinery. It dictated national legislation. It influenced the Supreme Court. It finally tore down the flag—with what result all the world knows.

WHY MILITARISM IS MIGHTY

Thirty years ago, Militarism to most of us seemed doomed. It was considered by Americans an anachronism, a survival of barbarism. It was one of the old-world follies and burdens which we thanked God we had escaped. And then something happened. A new invention came. Others followed. By these inventions ambitions were kindled to experiment with costly machinery in playing war games on the sea. Other inventions came, and with them came feverish desires to play war games in the air. Military life took on at once new attractions. Numberless new positions were opened for men who did not like to dig and who were ashamed to beg. For many, Militarism became enormously profitable. Professional ambition and commercialism formed an alliance. The alliance became aggressive, insolent, insatiable. It early laid its hand on legislation. It began to manipulate the machinery of government. It stationed its agents at the doors of parliaments, and its servants became the counsellors of Kings. The result was a world-wide recrudescence of the military spirit, a fresh coronation of military ideals. Recent history is illuminating reading. New

areas have been invaded and captured. Our own nation was one of the first to fall. Brazil and other South American republics speedily succumbed. Australia next fell into line. In the countries of Europe the old burdens have been systematically and mercilessly increased. The word has just gone forth that the whole world must be converted into an armed camp. Mighty standing armies must cover the land. Mighty fleets of Dreadnoughts must cover the sea. Mighty fleets of airships must darken the sky. Every strategic point must be fortified. Nations are not expected to fight, but they must keep the fighting edge. The way to keep it is to whet the mind constantly on thoughts of war. The instruments of destruction must never be out of sight. National rank is determined by Naval tonnage. The foundation of National greatness is military power. This is the new gospel and it is preached with a rage of eloquence unknown since the days of the Crusades. The attack is being made all along the line. Daily papers and pictorial magazines are pressed into service. New publications are launched to set forth this advanced and better way of life. While one corps of militants organize new raids on the treasury, another corps engage in a campaign to capture the schools. There must be military drill in the colleges, and also in the High Schools. Boys must be trained to shoot.

THE WORLD AT SCHOOL

In fact the entire world is now put to school, and we are all being systematically instructed by Colonels and Commodores, Admirals and Generals, in the ways of national safety and glory. One cannot help admiring the consummate ability and skill with which the whole movement is engineered. We are a refractory and stiff-necked people. Militarism is alien to our blood. But patience and pains can accomplish much, and already

multitudes of our citizens have learned to worship before the fetish of Sea Power, and to gloat over the distinction of possessing next to the greatest navy in the world. The policy of the Big Stick, in spite of the warnings of the founders of the Republic, is slowly making its way into popular favor. A Dreadnought is now launched with the imposing solemnity of a religious ritual, and the elite of the land are invited to look on with awe-struck and rapturous hearts.

THE NEXT STEP

Has the time not arrived when merchants and farmers, bankers and scholars, professional men and artisans, should begin to ask seriously, "Whereunto is this thing going to grow?" On her recent visit to this country the Baroness von Suttner confessed she was disappointed to find that the mass of the public seemed surprisingly uninformed when the peace movement was mentioned. The fact is that the average American has given the subject scant attention. He is preoccupied and is willing to leave all questions of national defense to the experts. His mind has been confused by sophistical talk of "police force" and "national insurance," and he has never really penetrated the problem, because his way has been blocked by assumptions and fallacies, which he could easily see through if he once gave them his sustained attention. Played upon by vague tales of hypothetical invasions, he has become a fatalist, accepting the notion that huge armies and navies have got to be. Their enormous cost appals him, but he accepts it along with other bitter and unescapable things. Swollen armaments, he is forced to conclude, are a natural product of evolution. He rails at them, but submits to them. Some day perhaps, he will take time to ask himself why evolution has taken this curious and disastrous twist. He might find that it is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are

underlings, peeping about the huge legs of the militaristic giant, which like a Colossus bestrides the world. Guns are not spontaneous freaks or accidents of nature. They are the expression of an ideal ruling in certain human minds. They exist only by the deliberate thought and premeditated act of men. We have too long berated and lamented them. The next step in the Peace Movement is the disclosure of the men behind the guns.

THE FIRST MAN IN THE TRIUMVIRATE

At one time in Roman history, the Empire was under the domination of three men. The governments of Christendom have fallen into the clutches of a triumvirate, whose power must be broken before the nations can free themselves from the bondage under which they now groan.

The first man of the three is the military-naval Specialist, the expert in the science of warfare. War is more and more a fine art, and years of technical training are needed to fit a man to deal with its problems. The modern fighting machines are intricate masterpieces of human genius, and only men of high scientific attainments can make use of them. The military expert must be proficient in mechanics and mathematics, chemistry and engineering and a dozen other sciences. He must know how to calculate the curves of projectiles, the force of explosives, the resisting power of metals, and the range and destructiveness of guns. In his own province, he is undisputed master.

This has given the military specialist of a certain stripe his opportunity. He has taken advantage of his acknowledged superiority in technical knowledge, to play upon the credulity of the people. I do not speak of all military specialists, but of one type only, the man who has the ideals of Cæsar, and who is ambitious to stamp his ideals on the policies of nations. This man, not con-

tent with fulfilling the duties of his own office, has little by little usurped the functions of other servants of the government, until he has become a foremost figure in the diplomatic world. His first move is to suggest a Council of National Defense, of which he shall be the head, thus acquiring a potent influence over the expenditure of national treasure. He is made a member of numerous commissions, and is sent on important diplomatic missions, becoming one of the nation's leading representatives in the realm of international affairs. In Europe one cannot go far in any direction without coming face to face with one of these uniformed guardians of the national interests and honor. He takes an upper seat in all peace conventions, for he is a stalwart advocate of peace as well as an expert in war. Although he believes that war is the mother of all virtues, he is willing to kill her in the interests of armed peace. There is no place he likes better than membership on the Committee which determines what subjects shall be discussed at Hague conferences. Wherever international policy is in the making, he is on hand.

OUR MODERN SIR ORACLE

The distinctions showered upon him feed his self-esteem. His haughtiness increases and he grows ever more domineering. He acquires the Olympian tone. His words are oracles. He looks down upon civilians as men of lesser breed. He poses as the anointed custodian of national honor, and is the only man who knows how this honor can be safeguarded. He alone is an expert in national perils. He often knows more than he will tell. When asked to state his reason for additional battleships or battalions, his reply is that he cannot make his knowledge public for fear of causing fresh international complications. He becomes a High Priest of the mysteries in the temple of international life. In this way

he adds new cubits to his stature. One must cross the ocean to see this gentleman full grown. Things are yet in the green tree here.

THE LIMITATIONS OF EXPERTS

But although somewhat snobbish, he has his virtues. He is not a barbarian or a charlatan. He is a patriot and a gentleman. He has not consciously entered into a conspiracy against humanity. His misfortune is that his ideal is pagan. His education has given his mind a bias which makes him a dangerous counsellor. He is a specialist, and, like many another specialist, he is expensive and has a knack of suggesting elaborate and costly methods of treatment. He is prone to diagnose along the line of his specialty. He can see what he is looking for whether it is there or not. Prolonged application to a narrow set of phenomena has destroyed his perspective. He is apt to see everything through the bore of a gun. Brooding over battles has turned the whole earth into a battlefield. Looking for enemies he has found them on every side. Dreaming of possibilities, he has reached the astounding conclusion that every conceivable contingency must be provided for. So long as he deals with matters within the scope of his knowledge, he is a man to be relied on. The moment he attempts to deal with questions of national policy he is to be feared. Of all the servants of the government he is the last to be entrusted with the responsibilities of statesmanship. He is peculiarly unfit to say how a nation's money shall be spent. National finances are in a muddle wherever he has his way. Because he is an expert in the firing of shells, it does not follow that he knows how many shells the people are able to buy. A knowledge of the force of explosives fits no man to deal with the tangled threads of international business. Sailing a battleship is one thing, and sailing the Ship of State is another. He evi-

dently knows nothing of the value of money, or of the danger of turning the screws of taxation until the people rise in revolt. He has never once in any land during the last thirty years suggested retrenchment. His one cry is ever, "More! More! More!"

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

This man has set himself up as an instructor of nations. He is writing for many papers. A long list of books is down to his credit. His literary fertility is amazing. No one realizes the extent of his industry till one consults the catalogues of the last twenty years. His purpose is ever the same—to extol the glory of military ideals and to show how urgent is the need for more guns.

It is here that we face one of the features of Armed Peace, too generally overlooked. In time of war the energies of army and naval officers are absorbed in the task of fighting, but the prolonged leisure of armed peace gives them opportunity to become instructors of the youth of the land. Latent energies are thus set free whose full power for mischief we are not yet able to compute. Who dare say what a great company of able writers, salaried by the government, can accomplish in shaping national character and destiny, if they spend their days and nights in writing their conjectures of the motives and intentions of neighboring nations, and vivid descriptions of the way in which suppositional invasions can be most successfully repelled. There are in Christendom over two hundred thousand commissioned officers in army and navy, eating at the government table, and when one takes into account how many of these are constantly engaged in laying before the public horrifying descriptions of imagined complications and conflicts, every description taking on the solemnity of prediction, and every prediction being followed up with a plea weighted with the authority of official knowledge, for more

guns, one cannot wonder that the world is where it is. Military and naval officers are retired from active duty in the prime of life, their ripest years being thus entirely free for the unhampered use of the pen. After the experience of the last thirty years, no one would care to dispute the old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword. By the pen, the doors of national treasuries have been forced wide open, and the stream of national revenue has been turned into a new channel. It is sometimes said that army and naval officers want to fight. This is calumny. They want to write. More things are wrought by printers' ink than bullets. The first man of the triumvirate is the literary expert in the science of war.

THE SECOND MAN OF THE TRIUMVIRATE

The second man is the Contractor, the man who makes ships and armorplate, cartridges and shells, swords and rifles, the man who supplies coal and oil for the ships, food and harness for the horses, provisions and clothing for the men, powder and ammunition for the guns, the ten thousand things which go to the upkeep of a great army and navy, and which cost hundreds of millions a year. He is a loyal comrade of the specialist. The specialist tells him what is needed, the contractor supplies it; and the government pays the bills. The contractor's job is a big one, and it pays. His prices are enormous, and government does not inquire into them too closely. Some of his guns bring a hundred thousand dollars a piece. He builds dreadnaughts at fifteen millions each. The prices go up every year. The dividends are large, and the contractor, in the generosity of his heart, allows prominent members of the aristocracy and wealthy legislators to become directors and stockholders of his company. In recent investigations in England, the most interesting fact brought to light was that a surprisingly large number of nobles and members of Parliament are

stockholders in the great armor-making plants of that country.

A BUSINESS THAT PAYS

In many lines of business, it is difficult to keep up a steady demand for the goods produced, but the military contractor suffers no such embarrassment. By keeping a large force of inventors at work he is able to bring out each year new patterns in sufficient number to coax from the government increased appropriations. It is natural that a government in constant peril of overthrow should want the very latest and deadliest of defensive weapons, and these the contractor is each year fortunately able to supply. There is no limit to the ingenuity of inventive genius, and so long as governmental gold is abundant, the stream of military and naval inventions is not likely to fail. The contractor is peculiarly fortunate in that his costliest creations soon become antiquated. Battleships which cost millions are used as targets at the end of a few years. Beginning with 1884 Great Britain in twenty years spent two and a quarter billion dollars on her navy, and in 1905 the British admiralty admitted that much of this expenditure was then represented mainly by scrap iron, one hundred and fifteen vessels being condemned as useless.

Aided by the Specialist, the Contractor publishes from time to time lists of the fighting vessels of the various nations, the comparison always bringing out the fact that his nation is in danger of losing its place in the race for naval supremacy. An open-eyed man is the contractor, and a busy one. He is everywhere. Through the rifts in the clouds which have hung recently over the far east, we have caught glimpses of him now and again, with bags of money to loan and hungry as usual for fresh contracts. His present ambition is to equip all China with guns. He is to-day undoubtedly one of the most forceful figures on the stage of the world's life.

WHY ARMED PEACE IS BETTER THAN WAR

Like the Specialist the Contractor believes in peace, and he wants it armed. Peace without armor would be to him ridiculous. Wars gigantic and terrifying loom in the near future, but he is ever optimistic, knowing that if government does not become parsimonious, he can supply the apparatus which will keep these wars indefinitely away. It has been said that the Contractor loves war. This is a slander. Armed peace is far more to his liking. War comes seldom, is full of uncertainties and is soon over; whereas armed peace goes on forever. Battleships burn as much coal and oil in peace as in war, soldiers eat as much and wear as much, and are therefore as desirable customers for a contractor. In sundry ways armed peace is more profitable than war. In war only a few shots are fired; in peace the target practice must never cease. When four hundred pounds of powder are used at one charge of a single gun, continuous target practice becomes glorious. In war a nation knows how many battleships it needs, whereas in peace nobody knows, and the number to be ordered is limited only by the gullibility of the government. In war the value of airships could be speedily determined, but in peace their value is conjectural, and hence government can be induced to go on buying them at fabulous prices. These two men, the Specialist and the Contractor, sit side by side at the door of the national treasury in every land. Professional ambition and commercial acquisitiveness make a strong team, not strong enough, however, to pull the militarist chariot along the upward way.

THE THIRD MAN OF THE TRIUMVIRATE

A third man is needed and at the call of the specialist and contractor he appears. He is the man who is scared. He is a patriot, but he is timorous. He is sensible, but

panicky. He knows all about his own business but nothing about guns. Whenever he is nudged he is ready to sign petitions for more battleships. He has been told on the highest authority that his country is in danger, and his heart is in a flutter. With a beautiful humility, he accepts whatever the experts have to say. He listens like a three years' child, and the experts have their will.

The triumvirate is now complete, and it is time to organize a military and naval league. Without the third man such a league is impossible. It is through the man who is frightened that the Specialist and Contractor work their miracles. This third man is a man of light and leading and is known to be disinterested, and hence he and his friends are much in evidence in the Leagues' literature and at all the Leagues' public meetings. But the core of the League is made up of the specialist and contractor along with their brothers and cousins and their wives' relations. The driving forces of the league are the first two members of the triumvirate. Professional ambition, commercial greed, and terror, welded together, constitute one of the most formidable alliances known to history. It is impossible to account for the phenomenal expansion of the military and naval establishments in recent years without taking into consideration the military and naval leagues. Such a league when full grown can play with a government as a cat plays with a mouse. Its methods in Europe are so effective that they are almost certain to be copied in time everywhere. The words with which it conjures are patriotism and peace. Everything it does is done to safeguard the vital interests of the country and to avert the horrors of war.

AN ADEQUATE NAVY AND ARMY

Its one and only aim is to secure an "adequate" army and navy, and of this aim every sensible man must heartily approve. The word "adequate" is peculiarly serviceable,

for nobody is able to find out what it means. When applied to an army or navy it means one larger than the one already on hand. Germany, for instance, has the mightiest of the world's armies, but the military specialists of Germany have recently admitted that their army is not adequate for Germany's needs. Great Britain's navy is the mightiest of the world's navies, but the naval Lords of Great Britain are convinced that it is far from adequate. We are forced then to conclude that there are at present no adequate armies or navies on the earth. To secure them is the avowed object of all military and naval leagues. The nations occasionally grow weary in their arduous quest, and these leagues are organized to spur them on.

THE POWER OF FEAR

The most effective spur thus far discovered is fear. Wherever one of these leagues exists the nation is in constant peril of invasion. Far-off nations hitherto friendly grow lukewarm or positively hostile, and the danger of losing valuable national possessions becomes imminent. Men rise, as if by enchantment, all over the land to warn the people of their complacency and blindness, and showers of letters fall on the desks of legislators written by voters who desire to throw light into the darkened legislative mind. Sunday newspapers and magazines blossom in gorgeous pictures of battleships, and in vivid descriptions of pressing military and naval needs. Fear is the blindest and mightiest of all passions, and nations, when dominated by it, become insane. Future generations will look back on our time as a period in which Christendom went mad. Nations were scared into insanity by the clever machinations of men who kept themselves out of sight. It is in a manufactured atmosphere of suspicion and terror that the militarist rides on to victory. In a world knit together by electric wires in which every whisper can be heard through mountains

and over seas, and in which rumor works like magic and panic runs like fire; in a world piled high with explosives and in which mischief-makers in the press and jingoes in public office are ready to egg on any enterprise however diabolical, if it only promises excitement, there is no limit to the power which can be wielded by an organization which, clothed with the garments of patriotism and working ostensibly for peace, has for its supreme end and ambition the further multiplication of guns. Through its salaried agents and still more through its uninvited and irresponsible coadjutors, it can keep a nation in a state of chronic alarm, and stampede statesmen again and again into courses of inconceivable folly. Who knows but that the time may come when the nations of Christendom may be driven in sheer self-defense to outlaw all such organizations as incorrigible fomenters of suspicion and discord, and insurmountable obstacles in the path of brotherhood and peace.

The hope of the future lies in the man who is scared. It is he who pays the taxes, and if his pulse can be calmed the world will be saved. When his eyes are once opened, and he discovers how egregiously he has been duped, his indignation will drive out his fear, and in his wrath he will grind the God of Armed Peace to powder.

Where shall we look for him? First in the United States. He is less intimidated here than anywhere else. In Germany he is apprehensive, in France he is excited, in England he is in hysterics, in America he is somewhat shaky, but not beyond the hope of speedy recovery. Once get the facts fairly before him, and we shall have reached the edge of the dawn of a new day.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE UNITED STATES

What the world is waiting for is a strong voice to cry a halt in armaments. The time is not ripe for disarmament, nor even for a reduction of armaments. The step

for which humanity waits is an arrest of armaments. Why should the United States not take that step? What is the use of being a great world power if we have not the strength to do a beautiful and original deed? In all dark situations the only way out is an act of heroism. In the present world crisis nothing less than magnificent and unparalleled courage will avail. When the nations are confessedly moving along a downward way, why should not the Republic of the West sound a note which will brace all forward-looking hearts everywhere? Is it a risk? Why not take it? It is not so great a risk as the risk we run in building up in our National capital a military-naval oligarchy which may some day prove our undoing. All history testifies that a Republic has no peril so insidious to fear as the growth of military power within its own borders. The military ideal and the ideal of Democracy cannot survive together. Why not adopt a naval policy which all the world can understand? Why not say in a tone audible around the world,—“We will go no further in this business! Hereafter there shall be no increased expenditures for shells and guns, but ever increasing appropriations for the warfare against poverty, disease and ignorance, and for the strengthening of those social and humanitarian agencies which will make us more and more a prosperous, happy, and mighty people.”

It is in this way that America will most surely enlighten the world.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

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